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The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers

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THE
Cruel Father,
AND
Affectionate Lovers.

ITS of a damsel both fair and handsome,
Those lines are true, as I have been told,
Near the banks of Shannon in a lofty mansion,
Her parents claimed great stores of gold,
Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features describe who can,
But still 'tis folly belongs to nature,
She fell in love with a servant man.

Sweet Mary-Ann with her love was walking,
Her father heard them and nearer drew,
And as those true lovers were fondly talking
In anger home then father flew.
To build a dungeon was his intention,
To part true love he contrived a plan,
He swore an oath that's too vile to mention,
He'd part that fair one from her servant man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
With a flight of steps, for 'twas under ground,
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer that for her was found.
Three times a day he did cruel beat her,
Unto her father she thus began,
If I've transgress'd now my own dear father
I'll lay and die for my servant-man.

Young Edwin found out her habitation,
'Twas well secured by an iron door,
He vowed in spite of all this nation,
To gain her freedom or rest no more.
'Twas at his leisure, he toiled with pleasure,
To gain releasement for Mary-Ann,
He gain'd his object and found his treasure,
She cried my faithful young servant-man.

Her father found 'twas his daughter vanish'd,
Then like a lion he did roar,
He said from Ireland you shall be banish'd,
Or with my broad-sword I'll spill your gore.
Agreed said Edwin, so at your leisure,
Since her I've free'd, now do all you can,
Forgive your daughter I'll die with pleasure,
For she in fault is your servant-man.

When her father found him so tender-hearted,
Then down he fell on the dungeon floor,
He said true lovers should never be parted,
Since love can enter an iron door.
Then soon they join'd to be parted never,
To roll in riches this young couple can,
This fair young lady midst rural pleasure,
Lives blest for ever with her servant-man.



THE SOLDIER'S
TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look,
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listen'd to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear;
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breath'd a pray'r for him,
A pray'r he could not hear,
But he paus'd to bless her as he knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot,
Ah! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
'Tho tears was on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most daring there,
Has wiped away a tear.